

Suburban Rhythm, 99 Degrees

I'm not inclined to think that you're some kind of human being.
Your bad karma racing from the essence of your genes.

My contempt for you is written in my DNA,
I hate you more and more and more with every passing day!
I'm feeling 99 degrees, and I don't mean Fahrenheit!
It's Celsius you fool! When I see your wretched face,
it stabs me right between the eyes,
just like the knife I'd use if I was gunna murder you!
It's slipping down my back like lizards sliding in a sewer.
If you should find this tape, then put away an easy lure!
You make them climb across my back like a cotton candy tree.

You're as attractive as a pile of stinking rotten meat!
I'm feeling 99 degrees, and I don't mean Fahrenheit!
It's Celsius you oaf! When I hear your wicked words, they chop me up until I bleed,
just like the loop I'd use if I was gunna strangle you!
Knuckles whiten as the thought of you approaching grows,
knuckles tighten as my never ending tension shows,
brain matter sizzles as I wonder why I feel this way,
it doesn't matter you're the victim of my blinding hate!

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, yaaaaaaay!

If I were to count the ways that I really hated you,
I'd use all of my fingers and that of my families too!
My anger toward you just cannot be shown the light,
you're the source, the epicenter of my plight!
I'm feeling 99 degrees and I don't mean Fahrenheit!

Aw, fuck off.

The sense that emanate from you are like bullets through my chest, coming from the gun I would u
It doesn't matter.... you're not human anyway